

It was years ago, but I still remember it to this day.

At the time, I was living in a small, cramped apartment owned by my mother's boyfriend, who was a chain smoker and an alcoholic. You could smell it all the time. No break, no rest from the pungent smell- we couldn't even open a window.

My mother just sat around the house and yelled at me. She had a job at a nearby McDonalds, but she lost that after she came to work drunk and almost threw the frying pan at someone. We got evicted from our apartment because my mother didn't have the money to pay the bills. She was very edgy, and it was only a matter of time before she cracked. She was overweight and had no way to pay any medical bills if something happened to her or me.

It all started when my mom got married to her boyfriend. I was very upset, because I didn't like my "new daddy."

You could hear me wailing, "I don't like my new daddy, he's not our real daddy!" (Our real father was seeing another woman, and allowed my mother to take full custody of me. He kept my 2-year-old brother.).

My mom was starting to tear up, but finally, that day, after being pushed so far, she cracked. She yelled, "GET OUT!!!" at me, and I started to sob very loudly. I ran to get my teddy bear to hug. My mother dragged me by my hair to her car, and began to drive to the middle of the city. She pushed me out of the car, and pushed me down onto the pavement. Then, she got into her car and drove off. She made no sign that she was going to come back.

I was left in the streets of New York, in the middle of the winter, with nothing but my teddy bear. I was terrified.